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From the Christian Statesman.
"THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART THERE IS
NO GOD."

"No God! No God!" The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound;
"No God!" the astonished Echo cries
From out the cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Repoves the Atheist's lore.
The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to give his name.
High swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along his billowy track,
And red Venus opens his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.
The palm-tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The bread-fruit, bending to its lord,
In yon fair island glade;
The winged seeds, that by the winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon, on the desert sands,
Confute the scoffer's creed.
"No God!" With indignation high
The fervent Sun is stirred,
And the pale Moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the Stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty.

Harford, (Conn.) 1838

From the Gentleman's Magazine.
THE EMIGRANT AND THE INDIAN
A FACT.

About twelve years ago a person of the name of McDougal, a native of Argyleshire, who had emigrated to Upper Canada, a few years before, wrote to his friends in Scotland, giving an account of his fortunes in the new world, and among other things failed not to make honorable and grateful mention of the following truly romantic incident. In a section of Argyleshire the story was told in every parlour, and booth, by the shepherd on the hill, and the fisherman on the lake; and a military gentleman who happened to be on the spot shortly after the news arrived, was so much struck with the circumstance that he collected the particulars from head quarters, and is ready to vouch for their accuracy.

McDougal, on reaching Upper Canada, from anxiety to make the most of his scanty capital, or some other motive, purchased a location where the price of land was merely nominal in a country thinly peopled, and on the extreme verge of civilization. His first care was to construct and plant a cabin in the wild, and this task finished, he spent his whole time, early and late, in the garden and the fields. By vigorous exertion and occasional assistance, he brought a few acres of ground under crop, acquired a stock of cattle, sheep, and hogs, made additional incursions on the glade and the forest, and though his tools were hard, gradually and imperceptibly became in a rough way "well enough to live," as compared with the poverty he had abandoned at home. His greatest discomforts were distance from neighbors, the church, markets, and even the mill; and along with these the suspension, or rather the enjoyment, after long intervals of time of those endearing charities and friendly offices which lend such a charm to social life. His cattle depastured in the neighboring forest, and after a little training returned in the evening of their own accord, particularly when they heard the well known voice of their master and his dog. On one occasion, McDougal had a melder of corn to grind, and as the distance was considerable, and the roads none of the smoothest, this important part of his duty could only be performed by starting with the sun and returning at the going down of the same. In his absence the care of the cattle devolved on his spouse, and as they did not return at the usual hour, the careful matron went out in quest of them. Beyond his mere outskirts, the forest was to her terra incognita in the most emphatic sense of the term, and with no compass or notched trees to guide her, it is not to be wondered at that she wandered long and wearily to very little purpose. Like Alps on Alps, tall trees rose on every side—a boundless continuity of shade; and fatigued with the search, she deemed it prudent to retrace her steps while it was yet time. But this resolution was much easier formed than executed; returning was as dangerous as "going over," and after wandering for hours, she sunk on the ground her eyes swollen and filled with tears, and her mind agitated almost to distraction. But here she had not rested many minutes before she was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps,

and anon an Indian hunter stood before her—"a stoic of the woods a man without a tear." Mrs. McDougal knew that Indians lived at no great distance, but she had never seen a member of the tribe, (*omne ignotum pro magifico*) her first emotions were those of terror; quickening, it may be said, every pulse, and yet palsyng every limb. But the Indian's views were more comprehensive; constantly on the out-look in search of the quarry, and accustomed to make circuits comprising the superficies of many a Highland mountain and glen, he had observed without being observed himself, knew her home, recognised her person, comprehended her mishap, divined her errand, and immediately beckoned to her to rise and follow him. The unfortunate woman understood the signal, and obeyed it in as far as terror left her power; and after a lengthened sweep, which added not a little to her previous fatigue, they arrived at the door of an Indian wigwam. Her conductor invited her to enter by signs; but this she sternly refused to do dreading the consequences, and preferring death in the open air to the tender mercies of cannibals within. Perceiving her reluctance and scanning her feelings, the hospitable Indian darted into the wigwam and communed with his wife, who in a few minutes also appeared, and by certain signs and sympathies known only to females, calmed the stranger's fear, and induced her to enter their lowly abode. Venison was instantly prepared for supper, and Mrs. McDougal, though still alarmed at the novelty of her situation, found the viands delicious, and had rarely, if ever partaken of so savoury a meal. Aware that she was weary the Indian removed from their place near the roof two beautiful deer-skins, and by stretching and fixing them across, divided the wigwam into two compartments. Mats were also spread in both, and next, the stranger was given to understand that the farther dormitory was expressly intended for her accommodation. But here again her courage failed her, and to the most pressing entreaties she would prefer to sit and sleep by the fire. This determination seemed to puzzle the Indian and his squaw sadly; often they looked at one another, and conversed softly in their own language, and at last the red took the white woman by the hand, led her to her couch, and became her bed-fellow. In the morning she awoke greatly refreshed, and was anxious to depart without farther delay; but this the Indian would on no account permit. Breakfast was prepared—another savoury and well cooked meal—and then the Indian accompanied his guest and conducted her to the very spot where the cattle were grazing. These he kindly drove from the wood, on the verge of which Mrs. McDougal described her husband running about every where, hallooing, and seeking for her in a state of absolute distraction. Great was his joy, and great his gratitude to her Indian benefactor, who was invited to the house and treated to the best the larder afforded and presented on his departure with a suit of clothes.

In about three days he returned, and endeavored by every wile to induce Mr. McDougal to follow him into the forest. But this invitation the other positively declined, and the poor Indian went on his way obviously grieved and disappointed. But again he returned, and though words were wanting, renewed his entreaties, but still vainly and without effect; and then as a last desperate effort, lit upon an expedient which none save an Indian hunter would have thought of. Mrs. McDougal had a nursing only a few months old—a fact the Indian failed not to notice—and after his pantomimic eloquence had been completely thrown away, he approached the cradle, seized the child, and darted out of the house with the speed of an antelope. The alarmed parents instantly followed, supplicating and imprecating at the top of their voices; but the Indian's resolves were fixed as fate; and away he went, slow enough to encourage his pursuers, but still in the van by a good many paces, and far enough ahead to achieve the secret purpose he had formed—like the parent bird skimming the ground when she wishes to wile the enemy from her nest. Again and again, Mr. McDougal wished to continue the chase alone; but maternal anxiety baffled every remonstrance, and this anxiety was if possible increased when she saw the painted savage enter the wood and steer, as she thought, his course towards his own cabin in the heart of the wild. The Indian, however, was in no hurry; occasionally he cast a glance behind, poised the child almost like a fletcher, threaded his way with admirable dexterity, and kept the swaddling clothes so closely drawn around it, that not even the winds of heaven were permitted to visit it roughly. It is, of course, needless to go into all the details of this singular journey, farther than to say, that the Indian at last called a halt on the margin of a very beautiful prairie, teeming with the richest vegetation, and extending to several thousand acres. In a moment the child was restored to its parents, who, wondering what so strange a proceeding could mean, stood for some minutes panting for breath, and eyeing one another in silent and speechless astonishment. The Indian, on the other hand, appeared overjoyed at the success of his manoeuvre, and never did a human being frisk a-

bout and gesticulate with greater animation. We have read or heard of a professor of signs, and supposing such a character were wanted, the selection could not, or at least should not be, a matter of difficulty, so long as even a remnant remains of the aborigines of N. America. All travellers agree in describing their gestures as highly dignified, eloquent and intelligent; and we have the authority of Mr. McDougal for saying, that the hero of the present strictly authentic tale, proved himself to be a perfect master of the art. The restoration of the child, the beauty and wide extent of the prairie, and various other circumstances combined, flashed across our countryman's mind, operating conviction where jealousy and distrust had lurked before; and as the Indian stood before him, his eyes beaming with benevolence and intelligence, his arms extended, and, along with his body, thrown into the most varied and speaking attitudes, he became more and more satisfied that his speech, if given in broken English, would have run nearly as follows:—"You doubt Indian; you think him treacherous; you think him wish to steal the child. No, no; Indian has tribe and child of his own; Indian knew you long ago; knew you when you first came, and saw you when you not see Indian; saw you poor but hard-working man; some white men had hurt Indian; you not bad; hurt no one, but work hard for your wife and child; saw you choose bad place; Indian pitied you; never make rich there; saw your cattle far in forest; tho' you come catch them; you not come; your wife come; Indian find her faint and weary; Indian take her home; fear go in; think Indian kill and eat her; no, no; Indian lead her back; Indian meet you; very sad, then very glad to see her; you kind to Indian; give him meat, drink and better clothes than your own; Indian grateful; wish you to come here; not come; Indian go again; not come; Indian very sorry; take the child; not run fast; know you would follow child. Look round! plenty ground—rich, rich; Indian love the deer, and the birds and beasts of the field; the chase make him strong; his father loved the chase; if Indian farm, Indian farm here; look round! plenty of ground—rich, rich; many, many cattle feed here; trees not many on that side; make road in less than half a moon; Indians help you; come, come—Indian your friend—come, live here." Mr. McDougal in a trice examined the soil, and immediately saw the propriety of the advice given by the untutored, but by no means unintelligent or unobserving savage—if saved, in deference to custom, he must be called. By a sort of tacit agreement a day was fixed for the removal of the materials of our countryman's cabin, goods and chattels; and the Indian, true to his word, brought a detachment of his tribe to assist in one of the most romantic "flittings" that ever was undertaken, whether in the new or old world. In a few days a roomy log house was fashioned, and a garden formed in a convenient section of the beautiful prairie, from which the smoke was seen curling, and the woodpecker heard tapping at no great distance. Mr. McDougal was greatly pleased with the change; and no wonder, seeing that he could almost boast of a body guard as bold as the bowmen of Robin Hood. His Indian friend speedily became a sort of foster-brother, and his tribe as faithful as the most attached tail of gillies that ever surrounded a Highland chieftain. Even the stupid kind loved on finding themselves suddenly transported to a boundless range of the richest pasture, and up to the date of the last advices were improving rapidly in condition, and increasing in numbers. The little garden was smiling like a rose in the desert; grass, over-abundant, gradually giving way to thriving crops; and the kind so well satisfied with their gang, that herds and inclosures were alike unneeded to keep them from the corn. The Indians continued friendly and faithful, occasionally bringing presents of venison, and other game, and were uniformly rewarded from the stores of a dairy overflowing with milk, butter and cheese. Attached as the red man was to his own mode of life he was at length induced, with his wife, to form part of the establishment in the capacity of grieve or head shepherd—a duty he undertook the more cheerfully, as it still left him opportunities of meeting and communing with his friends, and reconnoitring the antlered denizens of the forest. Let us hope, therefore, that no untoward accident will occur to mar this beautiful picture of sylvan life; that the McDougal colony will wax stronger and stronger till every section of the prairie is forced to yield tribute to the spade and the plough; and that future generations of the clan will be able to say for themselves, and impress upon their children—

"Happy the man whose highest care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground."

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie!"

Russia and Poland. THE BATTLE OF GROKOW.

The battle of Grokow, the greatest in Europe since that of Waterloo, was fought on the twenty-fifth of February, 1831, and the place where I stood commanded a view of the whole ground. The Russian army was under the command of Diebitsch, and consisted of one hundred and forty-two thousand infantry, forty thousand cavalry, and three hundred and twelve pieces of cannon. This enormous force was arranged in two lines of combatants, and a third of reserve. Its left wing, between Wayre and the marshes of the Vistula, consisted of four divisions of infantry of forty-seven thousand men, three of cavalry of ten thousand five hundred, and one hundred and eight pieces of cannon, the right consisted of three and a half divisions of infantry of thirty one thousand men, four divisions of cavalry of fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty men, and fifty-two pieces of cannon. Upon the borders of a great forest opposite the forest of Elders, conspicuous from where I stood, was placed the reserve, commanded by the Grand Duke Constantine. Against this immense army the Poles opposed less than fifty thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon, under the command of General Shzynecki.

At break of day the whole force of the Russian right wing, with a terrible fire of fifty pieces of artillery and columns of infantry,—charged the Polish left with the determination of carrying it by a single and overpowering effort. The Poles with six thousand five hundred men and of artillery, not yielding a foot of ground, and knowing they could hope for no success, resisted the attack for several hours, until the Russians slackened their fire. About to o'clock the plan was suddenly covered with the Russian force issuing from cover of the forest, seeming one undivided mass of troops. Two hundred pieces of cannon posted on a single line commenced a fire which made the earth tremble, and was more terrible than the oldest officers, many of whom had fought at Marengo and Austerlitz, had ever beheld. The Russians then made an attack upon the right wing—but failed in this attack upon the left, Diebitsch directed the strength of the army against the Forest of Elders hoping to divide the Poles into two parts. One hundred and twenty pieces of cannon were brought to bear on this one point, and fifty battalions incessantly pushed to the attack, kept up a scene of massacre unheard of in the annals of war. A Polish officer who was in the battle told me that the small streams which intersected the forest were so choked with the dead that the infantry marched directly over their bodies. The heroic Poles,—with twelve battalions, for four hours defended the forest against the tremendous attack. Nine times, by a series of admirably executed manoeuvres they repulsed the Russians with immense loss. Batteries, now concentrated in one point, were in a moment hurried to another, and the artillery advanced to the charge like cavalry, sometimes within a hundred feet of the enemy's columns, and there opened a murderous fire of grape.

At 3 o'clock, the Generals, many of which were wounded, and most of whom had their horses shot under them, and fought on foot at the head of their divisions, resolved upon a retrograde movement, so as to draw the Russians to the open plain. Diebitsch, supposing it to be a flight, looked over the city and exclaimed, "Well, then, it appears that after this bloody day, I shall take tea in the Belvidere Palace." The Russian troops debouched from the forest. A cloud of Russian cavalry, with several regiments of cuirassiers at their head, advanced to the attack. Colonel Pienka, who had kept up an unrelenting fire for five hours, seated with perfect sang froid upon a disabled piece of cannon, remained to give another effective fire, then left at full gallop a post which he had so long occupied under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery. The cavalry advanced on a trot upon the line of battery of rockets. A terrible discharge was poured into their ranks, and the horses galloped to madness by the flakes of fire, became wholly ungovernable and broke away, spreading disorder in every direction;—the whole body swept helplessly along the fire of the Polish infantry, and in a few minutes was so completely annihilated, that, of a regiment of cuirassiers who bore inscribed on their helmets, the "Invincibles," not a man escaped. The wreck of the routed cavalry, pursued by the lancers, carried along in its flight the columns of infantry. A general retreat commenced, and the cry of "Poland for ever!" reached the walls of Warsaw to cheer the heart of its inhabitants. So terrible was the fire of that day that in the Polish army there was not a single general or staff officer that had not his horse killed or wounded under him; two thirds of the officers, and perhaps, of the soldiers,—had their clothes, pierced with balls, and more than a tenth part of the army were wounded. Thirty thousand Russians and ten thousand Poles were left on the field of battle: rank upon rank lay prostrate on the earth, and the Forest of Elders was so strewn with bodies that it received from that day the name of the "Forest of the Dead." The Czar heard with dismay, and all Europe with astonishment, that the crosser of the Balkan had been foiled under

the walls of Warsaw. All day my companion said, the cannonading was terrible. Crowds of citizens of both sexes and all ages, were assembled on the spot where we stood, earnestly watching the progress of the battle sharing in all its vicissitudes, in the highest state of excitement as the clearing up of the columns of smoke showed when the Russians or Poles had fled; and described the entry of the Polish army into Warsaw as sublime and terrible,—their hair and faces were begrimed with powder and blood; their armor shattered and broken; and all, even dying men, were singing patriotic songs; and when the fourth regiment, among whom was a brother of my companion, and who had particularly distinguished themselves in the battle, crossed the bridge and filed slowly through the streets, their lances shivered against the cuirassiers of the guards,—their helmets broken, their faces black and spotted with blood, some erect, some tottering, and some barely able to sustain themselves in the saddle, above the chorus of patriotic songs rose the distracted cries of mothers, wives, daughters, and lovers, seeking among this broken band for forms dearer than life—many of whom were then sleeping on the battle field. My companion told me that he was then a lad of seventeen, and had begged with tears to be allowed to accompany his brother; but his widowed mother extorted from him a promise that he would not attempt it. All day he stood with his mother on the very spot where we did, his hand in hers, which she grasped convulsively; as every peal of cannon seemed the knell of her son; and when the lancers passed, she sprang from his side as she recognized in the drooping figure of an officer with his spear broken in his hand, the figure of her gallant boy. He was then reeling in his saddle, his eye was glazed and vacant and he died that night in their arms.—*Stephen's Travels.*

That civilized Europe should have stood by, and coolly seen Poland slowly sink under the overpowering weight of Russia, the despot of the world, is enough to send one's blood burning and boiling through his veins. Unfortunately, patriotic Poland. She sank, and to the everlasting disgrace of civilized man.

TALES OF HORROR.

During my residence on the banks of the Maung-Muka, a branch of the Hokiangs, in June, 1831, Te Tewoa, a chief within that district, felt inclined towards a shooting excursion in the neighboring forest. Previously to his leaving the village he desired a female slave to prepare some kai pakela or large sweet potatoes against his return. The slave did as she was requested; but the chief was so long absent that the food got cold, and she eat them. On Tewoa's return he demanded the meal he had ordered, but was told how it had been appropriated; he then called the hapless woman to him, and without speaking a word, despatched her with a blow on the forehead with a tomahawk. This gully miscreant had been cohabiting with that slaughtered woman for some time previously; he sent for his friends, the body in the meanwhile was dressed, cooked, and on their arrival eaten, and to use the expression of Putranni, a chief who partook of the feast, on his pointing out the oven to me in which the body had been cooked, not a bone was left unmanicured. The feast took place about five miles distance from my residence. Another act of a similar wanton nature occurred at Walo, a river some miles distant from the mouth of the Hokiangs. A European, named Anscow, proceeded down that river in a boat, accompanied by a crew of natives; he carried with him the usual trade, such as blackets, powder and tomahawks, to purchase flour or hogs. He arrived about sunset at a village called Wakarapa, and as the tide had ceased to flow put up there for the night. He was received hospitably, and was promised a quantity of hogs early the ensuing morning; provisions were got for him and his attendants. Anscow had not long been seated, when an interesting slave girl arrived, apparently about fifteen years of age, and remarkably handsome. Her approach was no sooner discovered, than an old decrepit chief woman hobbled forth from her hut, and made use of the most vehement language to the girl, who, it appeared, had absented herself without leave for two days.

After the old crone had vented forth her abominations, which she was unable to continue through exhaustion, she turned to a forcible looking fellow who was standing by her and desired him to kill the girl immediately. The ruffian did not wait for a repetition of the request, but ran to the boat, and seizing one of the tomahawks, which had been brought for barter, he struck the miserable girl a blow on the forehead with the implement that cleft her head in twain. This was the work of an instant, before Anscow could interfere and purchase her, which he could have done for a musket. The body was then decolated, opened and the entrails washed and placed in a basket, the limbs cut in pieces at the different joints, attended with circumstances at once horribly disgusting and obscene. The head was thrown to the children as a play thing, and these little miscreants rolled it to and fro, like a ball, thrusting small sticks, up the nose, in the mouth, ears, &c. and latterly scooped out the eyes.

The remains in several pieces where then put into baskets and taken to the river, to be cleansed from filth it had received, by being mangled on the ground. The ovens were heated, some vegetables scraped, and the whole was cooked in half an hour. A large party partook of the body. Anscow was in a state intense agony during these proceedings, and felt fearful for his own life. Some of the body was presented to him, in a small basket, and he was derided for his refusal. At the earliest dawn he had his boat launched into the water—the crew did not partake of the body. When the boat was afloat, all the trade was put in together, with the tomahawk that had been used for the horrid deed. The villagers placed in the boat the remnants left uneaten of the cooked body, done up in some small baskets, as a present to be conveyed to their friends. In vain Anscow protested against the abhorred freight being placed in the boat; it was put in forcibly against his will, attended by three of the villagers.

On arriving below the river, these men landed and carried the food to their friends. The tomahawk was thrown by Anscow in the presence of them into the deepest part of the river; he then returned to the settlement he had departed from. This account he gave to me immediately after he landed. Anscow's ultimate fate was equally as unfortunate as that of the poor slave, whose murder he had witnessed. He afterwards left the Hokanga, and crossed over-land to the Bay of Islands, where he joined as seaman the whale ship Toward Castle, of London; Messrs Brigue, of London, owners. The vessel on quitting the bay steered for the Pacific Islands, and lying off the Figi group, a boat was sent on shore for refreshment. Anscow was one of the crew, between whom and the natives a quarrel ensued, and Anscow killed one of the chiefs, but in retreating he was taken prisoner, killed, and his body devoured by the natives, who are the most determined cannibals in existence. The crime of adultery, bewitching, robbery under certain circumstances, an anathema bestowed by the weak against a stronger party, or entering a prohibited place, incur the punishment of death, and the bodies are generally devoured. [Polack's "Zenland."

There is no more fruitful subject for speculation than the change likely to be effected in the social and political relations springing out of the growing facility of intercourse between Europe and America. Heretofore, notwithstanding the vast improvements in the construction and equipment of our noble packet ships, the delays and discomfort necessarily incident to so long a sea voyage, have been sufficient to deter a large majority of foreign travellers from directing their course towards America. The consequence has been that this country has been the resort of few, except such as may have come here to reside, or whose business pursuits have led them to sojourn among us for a season. It is true that of late years there have been occasionally men of education and intelligence who have sought our shores, more for the purpose of inspecting the magnificent features of our scenery, or of acquiring scientific information, than of commingling with our people, and procuring a knowledge of their habits and customs. Of this latter class, however, as we said before, the number has been very small, and foreign nations have been left to judge of us through the misrepresentations of writers who had neither the intellect to appreciate what they met, nor the honesty to describe matters as they really found them to exist.

In speaking to us of the introduction of Atlantic steam navigation and its effects, a friend of distinguished talent and worth made use of an expression which struck us as being peculiarly forcible and happy. He said that it was "bridging the Atlantic," and making America, as it were a part of Europe. Should steam navigation be gradually adopted, as will in all probability be the case, as the medium through which our personal and epistolary intercourse with Europe will be kept up, there will be crowds of people constantly passing to and fro. Instead of visiting scenes of the old world, so often frequented as to have become as familiar as their own firesides, the wealthy and well educated on the other side of the Atlantic will resort to our shores in search of novelty, whilst on the other hand, such of our countrymen as have the means, will hasten to visit parts of the world that have been the subjects of their constant studies. The gifted and learned of both hemispheres will be brought into communion, and an interchange of sentiment will take place that cannot be any thing but beneficial. The unprincipled representations of hireling book-makers will cease to be mischievous, because their fallacies will be exposed and put down, even by their own countrymen. Nor will a less salutary effect be produced in reference to the political opinions which have heretofore been considered as barriers to the cultivation of good feeling between the old and new worlds, inasmuch as a nearer inspection will satisfy all parties that prejudice has caused notions to be formed on both sides which are not sustained by facts. How much has it been the case that people have imagined themselves bound to be enemies to each other merely because they live under different forms of government whereas a nearer view of their respective institutions, would convince them that, so far as the ordinary intercourse of life is concerned the system of government under which a man may live has but little if anything to do with his moral principles and social affections. Within the last twenty years much has been done to dispel the mists of prejudice but there still remains an immense amount of misconception to be corrected, and nothing can contribute more to so

desirable an object, than the free and unlimited intercourse which is about to exist. Should the plans already projected be carried out, not only will business relations be placed upon the best footing, but the interests of literature and the arts will be promoted whilst ties of kindred that have long been rent asunder will again be re-established. America will no longer be regarded as a place of estrangement; her institutions will be understood and duly appreciated, and thus through her instrumentality will the light of liberty be diffused and carry blessings every where.

"I CALCULATE IT'LL BE THE FINEST CITY."

SCENE IN KENTUCKY.

Pedlar—Have you been to the Bowery lately, neighbor?
Stranger—Not very lately.
Pedlar—What a first rate place that is for music.

Kentucky—Don't talk of York music. I have a horn as come from France that'll turn all the milk sour when you blow it very hard.

Pedlar—I have a trumpet that will throw a monkey into fits.
Kentucky—Why I can whistle better than some of the common trumpets. I whistled once kind of sharp and it gave a pole cat the ag-

Pedlar—When I was last at the Bowry, the musicians played so strong that it took two men to hold the leader of 'em in his seat; and in one part he played so fast, six of the others couldn't overtake him, although they all did their tightest.

Kentucky—It takes me to sit some tunes as I can play, and I can't hardly. I played on an old frying pan once so powerfully that it drove away the mice.

Pedlar—That was 'cause the frying pan was cracked, and drive every thing as mad as it sell.

Kentucky—Well, I'll tell you a fact. There's a file in Kentucky that once whistled so piercing, that it bored a hole slick through the shingles.

Pedlar—Yes, that's true; and there's a drum at the Bowery that has to be played by a leetle baby; for if a grown man was to try it, it would go like thunder, and perhaps blow the roof off the house.

Farmer—I want to tell you of a dream I had the other night. I dreamt as all the firs were dead, and it's come true.

Kentucky—Yes, they're all dead.

Pedlar—Except two, and they are fixed in this part of the State.

Kentucky—You've seen something, that's a fact, though you are a leetle man. Where were you raised?

Pedlar—Why, I was raised, I expect, in Connecticut. I'm four foot nothing and a half, with one over when my boots are on. My father lived in Birmingham fourteen miles from Rome, and not far from Syracuse. My father built the first house there and named it after a power of pans called Birmingham hard-ware, as we had on hand from Boston. Twelve new towns have been fixed since then all round us. When they all join considerable, my father is going to call it Mount Olympus, and I calculate it'll be the finest city in this or any other country.

No avocation in life is more respectable and useful than that of the farmer. The time has gone by when contempt is cast upon the husbandman. Agriculture as a science, is becoming more important, and more honorable. It is the noblest for it's the natural employment of man. The intelligent and independent farmer is ever respected; he holds an important and responsible place in society. Upon him devolve many duties; upon him rest many obligations. In him we look for examples in patriotism, virtue and intelligence. Living not in the 'hum of human cities,' where he would be continually in the whirlpool of political and other excitement, he can examine questions of a moral, religious and political nature, with a cool head, a calm mind, and an unbiased judgement. To him we look for correct opinion, and in him we should ever find a safe counsellor, and a correct adviser.

Our farmers should cultivate their minds and their hearts, as well as their fields. They can gain as rich rewards in the mental, as they can reap profitable harvests in the natural world. Without intelligence he cannot discharge in a proper manner, the duties of a citizen. Agriculture is a science that requires experience and study. Men must be educated to be farmers, as well as lawyers, or doctors. And there are thousands of young men who are in stores and offices, who should go to agricultural pursuits. It would be better for them, better for the country. And who would not rather be an independent farmer, than a small shopkeeper, or a fourth rate lawyer or doctor? Who would not rather be first in a useful employment, than to be a titman in one which the world calls honorable? Let young men seek for land, rather than for situations, in the cotton trade and sugarings.

Buckeye Ploughboy.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

It will be seen, says the Lamoille River Express, (published at Johnson, Vt.) by the Governor's Proclamation, that there is, as anticipated, no election, in consequence of the scattering votes. In fact, the freemen of the fourth district have elected John Smith by about twenty-five majority. Mr. Smith is defeated by the mistakes of the officers. The freemen have elected him once, let them do it again.

REPLY OF SABBATTIS.

To Governor Kent and Cols. Patten and Foster, now in their wig-wag at Bangor.

We catch'em dat letter you write'm Indian 'bout liberty pole 'bout same time Goh. Harvey catch'em his. You speak'em so Indian he better go home and not raise 'em liberty pole, cause he elect 'em new Governors. Spos'n Indians no like 'em old Governors den sartin he make 'em new Governors cause he no like 'em old ones. Den old Governors be very mad. He say Indian laws no speak 'em so—laws elect 'em Governors for life. But some Indians he no say so—so he put 'em in Governors. Some white folks, he say you can't put 'em out of office, cause laws no say so. Loky fokys no say dat—he no want 'em king's laws. Loky fokys Indians be very strong—jes like loky loky white folks; so he raise 'em liberty poles very strong and make 'em new Governors. Den old Governors he walk very quick, cause he no feel good. You say if Indians no go home you send 'em one thousand guns and bayonets with sheriffs, and take 'em Indians. But Indians he no fear 'em—he catch your reig very quick. You all one lunksoose—Indian trap 'em very quick. Me guess best way you run 'em line, and let Indian alone—he no scared of you—he no fear 'em squaws! You all one bag wind—you no know which way to blow; so me guess you no know down liberty pole. Spose you come Old Town, Indian he catch 'em you in trap, jes same loky loky he catch 'em you. But dat, may be, no good, cause skin he no feel nothing—no har'em furs. Old Governors best way say nothing—cause Indian stam-na—he guess you no lik'em gunpowder.

SABBATTIS.

From the Globe.

FEDERAL ASSAULT UPON THE LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE.

Among the numerous sins of the Federal party of the present day, there is none so criminal in its nature, or alarming in its consequences, as the pre-concerted attempt to poison the very fountain of liberty—purity of election. This is a subject calculated to awaken the most serious apprehensions in the bosom of every lover of his country. It rises far above the personal conflicts of the day, and involves with it the existence of the great principles upon which our free Government is established. That in this early stage of the Republic, a party could be found so audacious as to endeavor to carry the elections of a great State against the popular will, by the most base-faced corruption and wholesale fraud, is matter for the most serious apprehensions. It proves that the rights of a free people are never secure without the most unflinching vigilance, the sternest determination to maintain them at every hazard. That this attempt was made in the late contest in Pennsylvania, does not admit of the shadow of a doubt. Abuses were practised there, which would not have been tolerated for a moment even in the monarchial Government of England. If the enterprise failed, it was not for want of audacity or means, but from a miscalculation of the Democratic strength, and the exciting nature of the questions at issue, which appealed so strongly to the popular mind. Even with these favoring circumstances, the defeat of this extensive system of fraud and corruption seems to be almost providential, and is certainly a result upon which the friends of elective purity may well congratulate themselves.

By means of the most dishonest expedients the Federal vote was, in some places doubled or trebled. In the strongholds of the Opposition, their vote was made to amount sometimes to double the number of the legal voters, and bands of mercenary instruments were carried to certain important points, where the whig officers of election permitted them to vote without a question or a doubt. In Philadelphia the most stupendous frauds were practised to accomplish the defeat of the courageous and eloquent INDEPENDENTS, who had been previously cheated of his seat. Having the registry in their own hands, they recorded upon it the names of those who had no title but their willingness to vote for the Federal ticket; names were acquired by hundreds, which, when challenged, could find neither "a local habitation" nor a claimant. The requisitions of the law were unheeded, and it required the mandate of a court to compel those who had the control of the list to conform to the most obvious provisions of the statute. This happened where the democrats could obtain some knowledge of the frauds intended, or actually practised. In the other wards, no opportunity was given for investigation, and the Federalists had the simplest means and scope to carry out their dishonest designs.

What must be the feelings of a party which has thus sacrificed common honesty and principle, and yet been defeated! What wear and tear of conscience, what load for the remorse of after years; and all for nothing! After all, they must confess that honesty is the best policy! But what must be the feelings of the honest and patriotic throughout the country—and there are many of all parties—at learning the existence of a conspiracy so wide and deep against the liberties of the people! Is there a man of right feeling but who must revolt at such practices and abuses? Can any party expect to enjoy the confidence of the nation, or win its way to power, by stooping to the basest of means to accomplish the worst of purposes? We much mistake the character of the American people, if the exposure of such crimes will not awaken a general burst of indignation against a party, which, at this early period of our history, has attempted to sap the very foundations of Republican liberty; to poison the very

fountain and well-spring of freedom. The absurd doctrines, the wicked practices, the giddy extravagances, the political crimes of Federalism, have done more than all the other causes to accomplish its overthrow, and the verdict of the country upon it will be *felo de se*.

ON THE DEMOCRAT.

Paris, November 6, 1838.

FRAUD IN ELECTIONS.

When the people of this State rose in their strength, and overthrew the federal dynasty, who had smuggled themselves into power, our opponents were at first astounded at the completeness of their overthrow. When however they had begun a little to recover from its effects, they set themselves about inventing excuses for their defeat. From a well known maxim of judging others by themselves they agreed upon attributing it to fraud. And even now some of their papers are weak and foolish enough to suppose, that they can impose upon their readers the belief that the democratic ticket prevailed by fraud. We are ready to meet them on that question. The fraudulent votes have been against us. If, when they say that the election in this State was carried by fraud, they mean that their friends have been discovered by the people and this has produced the triumph or democracy, there may be some truth in the assertion. When Maryland gave us a democratic Governor, the federalists, rather than adopt a new excuse made use of that invented here, and cried out fraud. So in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the same cry is repeated, and it seemed to be their purpose to attribute to this cause whatever might happen adverse to their wishes. Some even attempted to palliate their defeat and the democratic gain of rising twelve thousand in Ohio by a repetition of the same stale charge. The more prudent however appear to think that there may be some bounds to the credulity of their readers, and that they will not swallow everything, their fore they invent some other excuses. Some have even gone so far as to expose their anticipated defeat in New York on the same ground of fraud. There may be—there undoubtedly are dishonest men belonging to both parties, but to impute such a succession of victories to fraud—to suppose that fraud if used was confined to one party, or that it was carried on to such an extent as to make really affect the result, is the height of folly and absurdity. In this State, for example, it is urged that there must have been fraud from the circumstance that the number of votes thrown was too great for the population. Now the returns show that Kennebec the strong hold of federalism, and where federal officers presided in almost every town, gave a larger vote in proportion to its population than any other county in the State. So if the argument proves anything it shows that the federal vote was increased fraudulently. Such general charges made as excuses for defeat are hardly worth noticing. But let us call the attention of our readers to some facts which will show who is guilty of fraud. In one district in Vermont a federal Legislature have declared that there is no choice of member of Congress. The democratic candidate had a majority but was defeated by counting against him ballots having on them the names of other persons candidates for other offices and so designated on the ticket, merely because they were put by mistake into the wrong box. This same Legislature adopted as a rule that they would give the returns in no case. In New Jersey too, the democratic members of Congress have undoubtedly a majority of the votes of the people, but a federal Legislature reject the votes of places enough to defeat their election and to elect the federal ticket, thus helping by their fraud to gain twelve members of Congress. In Pennsylvania also, they are boasting that they shall have a majority in the Legislature by rejecting the votes that were fairly and legally given in. In one County they boast of gaining 5 members of assembly and the Senators, by counting only part of the votes. The fraud is openly avowed, and the federalists are exulting that before it can be corrected they shall be able to choose their Treasurer, Secretary of State and U. S. Senator. This is the party that are defeated by fraud.

We have been reminded that winter is approaching. Last week we had two snow storms and one or two days of pretty cold weather. The quantity of snow that fell was small, barely covering the surface of the ground, and it is now rapidly disappearing before the rays of the sun. The weather has been unusually warm and favorable during the fall and farmers ought to be ready for winter.

The New York election takes place this week. The result is looked for with intense anxiety. We shall not get the returns before next week and probable not in season for our next paper.

RIPE STRAWBERRIES. We are informed that an intelligent farmer in this town picked ripe strawberries on his farm one day last week. We have seen apple trees and plum trees in bloom, and having at the same time ripe fruit on them, but never before heard of ripe strawberries being picked at this time of the year.

OHIO.

In 65 Counties, Shannon's majority is 7,011!! Shannon's gain on Governor's election 1836, 13,057. "do. Presidential do 1836, 15,468. YANCEY, the Federal candidate for Governor, had in 1836 a majority of 6,046. HARRISON, the Federal candidate for President, had in 1836 a majority of 8,457.

CONGRESS.

1st district, ALEXANDER DUNCAN, [Dem.]
2d " JOHN B. WELLES, [Dem.]
3d " THOMAS CORVIN, [Fed.]
4th " WM. DOAN, [Dem.]
5th " WILLIAM K. BOND, [Fed.]
6th " JOSEPH RIDGWAY, [Fed.]
7th " WILLIAM MEDILL, [Dem.]
8th " SAMSON MASON, [Fed.]
9th " ISAAC PARRISH, [Dem.] gain.
10th " JONATHAN TAYLOR, [Dem.] gain.
11th " D. P. LEADBETTER, [Dem.]
12th " GEO. SWANEY, [Dem.]
13th " JOHN W. ALLEN, [Fed.]
14th " J. R. GIDDINGS, [Fed.]
15th " JOHN HASTINGS, [Dem.] gain.
16th " D. A. STARKWEATHER, [Dem.]
17th " HENRY SWANKING, [Dem.] gain.

11 Democrats elected; 6 Feds; 2 districts to hear from. These are represented in the present Congress by P. H. GOODE and C. MORRIS (Feds.) They have been partially heard from, and the result doubtful—probably

there will not be more than 200 majority in either of them for the successful candidate.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

SENATE—12 Democrats and 6 Federalists elected. One district to be heard from.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—39 Democrats and 29 Federalists elected—4 to hear from.

From the Maine Democrat. WHIG PROSPECTS.

How effecting are the hopes and prospects of Whiggery! Less than a year ago, its devotees were rioting in the full fruition of all their magnificent anticipations. Victory upon victory was pouring in upon them, until, intoxicated with success, they cried out, in the fullness of joy—*Stop that Ball!* Then, the country was suffering from the effects of pressure and panic and suffering, and the evils flowing from over-trading and a neglect of the ordinary duties of life, when speculation waved her wizard hand, and men, infatuated by the glittering prospect sacrificed their prudence and their title all and embarked in the wildest and most visionary projects to make a fortune in an hour. The result was, as might have been expected. Credit, was beaten to death, and business of all kinds, save that of the broker and vote-shaver, was generally prostrated. As if to add to the calamities under which the country was suffering, the crops of husbandmen were cut off; the prices for bread stuffs were fearfully high, while the demand for labor was exceedingly limited. The Banks suspended specie payments, and many of them, which had abused the confidence of the public, forfeited their charters and failed, involving the ruin of thousands, and shaking the faith of the community in these lauded bulwarks of public credit.

It was under these circumstances that a few elections which took place at the time resulted in favor of the Federal party. When the country was sinking, Federalism was rising, and the land was filled with the loud rejoicing of its satellites, and the revelling in a banqueting which ensued, was in striking contrast with the ruin said to be, at that time, everywhere prevailing. But the joy of the revellers, like those who participated in the infamous feast of the guilty Belshazzar, was destined to be of short duration. And the hand writing upon the wall, did not excite greater quaking among the drunken revellers at that feast, than have the recent glorious victories of the Democracy shed fear and terror over the routed, broken and dispersed forces of Federalism. A mighty change has been wrought in the aspect of affairs, and the bright prospects of the enemies of Republican principles are fast fading away before the brilliant rays of the sun of Democracy, which, rising in the East, is now dispelling the thick clouds of darkness which had settled upon the minds of the people.

MAINE, the first State to yield a partial adherence to the opposition—through the palpable remissness of her Democracy—is the first, also, to evince what Daniel Webster regards as the true criterion of a great mind, viz. to turn back to her time-honored and long cherished principles.

PENNSYLVANIA, too, the great Key Stone of the Arch, despite the efforts of her rascally rulers, who were the mere minions of King Nicholas, to keep her tethered in the leading strings of Federalism, has declared herself independent of such arbitrary control, and, by a strong vote, has avowed her willingness to abide by the glorious principles of the Democratic faith.

And Ohio, that young and vigorous Commonwealth, which has sprung up, in the midst of this Union, Minerva-like, with the freshness of youth and the vigor and strength of manhood—Ohio, too, has joined the great phalanx of the Democracy, and has come up to the work of political regeneration, boldly and fearlessly.

Other States, of less weight in the great Confederacy, but of not less weight of character, have likewise united themselves, to that great army of Freedom who have rallied and are rallying and will rally under the broad banner of Democracy.

In the great States of Maine, Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio, the hopes of Federalism were centered. Strengthened by the support they were conscious of success in their efforts to overthrow the present Democratic Administration of the General Government. Deprived of one of these States, even, they were conscious of defeat in all their projects of undermining the administration. Not only only but three of these great States have declared for Democracy and against Federalism. In New York no election has as yet taken place, but a most vigorous contest is progressing, but are the Whigs confident of success? Is it determined, to a moral certainty, that the Federalists will carry New York? Are they confident of success? We repeat. So were they confident of carrying Maine, Pennsylvania and Ohio by immense majorities. In all these they were mistaken, and is there no possible contingency wherein they may be mistaken in New York? We shall see.

With or without New York, and where are the hopes of Federalism once so bright and glittering? They are all gone—vanished, like the panic which buoyed them up—into "thin air."

There is no riddle about this which cannot be readily solved. The upshot of the matter is, that no party, however successful for a while, can expect to secure a permanent ascendancy, which rises only as the country sinks, and sinks invariably as the country rises.

A man in Hatfield, Ms. this year, raised 524 pounds of pumpkin from one seed; 100 mammoth beans from one bean.

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MASSACHUSETTS.

The Democrats of Massachusetts are up and doing. They do not even mean to permit that State to remain fixed and immutable, while the Ball of Victory is rolling over the length and breadth of the land. At a meeting of the Democratic citizens of Boston, on Wednesday evening last—Col. ISAAC EXETER, now of Boston and recently of this town, in the Chair—the following among other spirited resolutions was passed:

Resolved, That with the glorious impulses around us Massachusetts must not, and shall not, be the last in the work of disenthralment. The ball must not and cannot stop here. Reaction impels it on with increasing momentum, on every breeze. It comes from the prairies of Missouri, the plantations of Alabama, the cornfields of Illinois. It rushes from Maine, sweeping down the foes of democracy as the tornado prostrates the forests. Maryland, as long bound under federal domination as we have been, shouts to us that she is free. New Jersey, if not all erect, has wrested the chains from her right hand, to strike a strong blow for the Constitutional Treasury. South Carolina has cut off the longest finger her delegation raised against it. Pennsylvania, noble Pennsylvania, has redeemed Jo. Riker's mortgage of her to Nicholas Biddle, and crumpled the marble palace at the feet of her sturdy yeomanry—and Ohio the young, vigorous and patriotic, the last hope of the despairing 'avastibles'—she, too, has spurned all further fellowship, either with old Harry or Harry-son, and ascended to take the people by the hand. Shall Massachusetts longer impudently oppose herself to this mighty moving on the face of society: this great ordinance of Heaven which speaks as with the voice of God in the voice of the people, and decrees that the march of mind and of man, in freedom and pure democracy, shall from this time forward be onward?

Robert Ractoul, Jr. has been nominated for Congress in the 2d district; Gayton P. Osgood, in the 3d; William Parmenter, in the 4th; Isaac Davis, in the 5th; Henry W. Bishop, in the 7th; Wm. W. Thomson, in the 8th; Alexander H. Everett, in the 9th, and Henry Crocker, in the 10th.

A democratic friend, in Boston, writes as follows: 'We shall do something handsome in this State, I trust. The best spirit prevails. The friends of the administration rally to the cry, "Sub-Treasury or no Sub-Treasury," with great cordiality and unanimity. They will speak with a voice in November, which shall cheer the hearts of those who despair of old Massachusetts.' *Saco Democrat.*

From the Dover Gazette and Stafford Advertiser.

THE BOND-MAN'S SPEECH.

The Enquirer, so well known in the village, as being a general repository for all the filth and falsehood of Federalism, has commenced "the publication of Mr. Bond's celebrated speech." The editor observes that this "has probably been more widely circulated than any other speech ever delivered in Congress, and with the best effect." Of the correctness of the last clause of this remark, no one, we are fully convinced, who has surveyed the aspect of political affairs for a few weeks past, can entertain a doubt. The speech has, indeed, been attended with the very best effects, in opening the eyes of the people to the frauds, and falsehoods, and infamous designs of the Federal whig party. Look at Maine, New-Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and some other States—all of which have been over run and loaded down with the annoying and barefaced falsehoods of the Bank-bought Bond. And even Ohio, which knows him best, has come in for her share of the good effects, and has lifted up a terrible avenging hand against him. See how all these States—and others are coming on—have arisen up in their might, like a lion roused from his lair and slaking his slaggish mane; and how they have turned frowning around upon the slinking, cowardly assailant. A few more such "celebrated" speeches would leave Whiggish Federalism scarcely room enough in this vast domain, to lay down its foul carcass in eternal sleep.

But there is one thing we wish, though we have no expectation of our being gratified— we wish the Editor of the Enquirer had moral or political honesty enough, to let his readers know the real character of Bond, and the real cause of his patriotism—that he has been bought by the United States Bank to write and publish that "celebrated speech," and that he cost Nick Biddle, and his associates \$11,330!—a pretty round sum for a knave so infamous, and a driveller so miserable!—It should be remembered, however, that the Bank is obliged to pay great sums, for worse and more desperate men than Bond. Webb is an instance. We wish there was honesty enough among the conductors of that paper to tell the people, and lay open to them clearly and fully, all the marvellous integrity and patriotism of the author of that speech which is now flourishing in its columns—patriotism which waxes warmer and warmer in proportion as it gathers nutriment from the inspiring treasures of Nie. Biddle's patriotic Bank! But we have no hope of any such consummation. The Editor dare not expose his party by publishing Mr. Duncan's speech. Nor can it be expected that he should be more honest than the despicable serf whose tissue of falsehood, he is puffing and publishing. The people, however, will know how to appreciate the good effect of Bond's "celebrated speech."

A Board of Agriculture has been established at Constantinople, and an English gentleman has been nominated by the Sultan as one of the board.

From the Maine Democrat. SALT RIVER LYCEUM.

Some unknown friend has furnished us with a Programme of the performances at the Lyceum which has been recently established at the head of Salt River. The office of President is perpetual. At a meeting for the choice of Officers, the Whig ticket prevailed by an immense majority over the Conservative. Lectures may be expected on the following subjects and from the following gentlemen. 'All the decency and all the talents in the community' have been put in requisition to give interest to the entertainments of the season.

Introductory Lecture—on the present prospects of the whigs of electing their candidate for the Presidency. By the President of the Lyceum.

On Respiration—the difficulty of breathing 'freer and clearer' after the Maine election. By Daniel Webster.

On Indian Language and Character—with specimens of blarney and extracts from the Official Correspondence with Sabbatia. 'Certain I say true.' By Edward Kent.

On the Difficulty of Ruining a Disputed Line in an Undisputed Territory. By a Commissioner.

On Lying—illustrated with copious extracts from the Voice of the People. By its Editor.

On Bribery and Corruption, with a repetition of the 22,000 story. By the editor of the Bangor Whig and Courier. [Mr. Willard's letter will be omitted.]

On the Morality of Whiggery. By H. Clay. 'Go home, &c.'

On the art of Contention, showing how many falsehoods can be squeezed into a little space, and disapproving the adage that 'figures won't lie' by full extracts from his speech. By the Bank's Bond-man.

On the probable quantity of tears shed over the violated Right of Petition, at the late election in Maine. By a Whig gunner.

On the Advantages of travelling among the people and distributing electioneering pamphlets, and the danger of winking the wrong passenger. By a Whig electioneer.

On the Duties of Whig Office Holders preceding the election, with selections from his experience. By the Counsellor for York county.

On the Fattening of Yearlings. By the State Treasurer.

On the probable fate of the Lost Tribe and the actual weight of the Balance of Power. By an ex land agent, with an essay on conventional morals.

On Veracity and the Difference of Prices at a Whig supper. By the editor of the Kennebec Gazette.

On the Light of Loco Focoism in the benighted regions of Oxford and Waldo. By the editor of the Kennebec Journal.

On the Sudden Death and Miraculous Resurrection of Loco Focoism. By the editor of the Portland Advertiser.

On the Mistakes of Genius as illustrated in the calculation of the Whig Central Committee. By the Chairman.

On the First Importance that the Whig party should prevail and that there should be a union of all honest men who hold State Offices to keep them. By the Attorney General.

On the Reports of Changes in Wells, Parsonsfield and Linington, as contrasted with the actual result. By an amateur.

On the advantages of a voyage up to the head waters of Salt River. By the editor of the York County Herald.

On the Causes of Whig Victories—droughts, panics and suspensions. By Nicholas Biddle.

From the Lamoine River Express.

DON'T LIKE IT.

Some of our cotemporaries are giving the federalists a new name, *Loco Poco*. With all due deference, we say we don't like it. We dislike nick-naming in any shape, or for any reason. The term *loco poco*, has been applied to the democratic party by the federalists. We are willing they should have all the honor or advantage they can gain by calling names or making mouths, we shall not imitate their example. Besides this, we like to call things by their right names. The high federal doctrines avowed and advocated by the leaders of the old federal party, are the same as those avowed and advocated by the leaders of the present mis-called 'whig' party. 'To us then it seems proper, that, as the 'whig' party prefer the doctrines of the federal party, and are led by federalists, they should bear the name of FEDERALISTS.

We select the following paragraph from the Boston Mercantile Journal, and we are inclined to believe that some of our readers may recognize, in their vicinity, an individual who might have sat as the original of the portrait here drawn:

'There is not a more disgusting object in the world, than a vulgar, ignorant person, in the possession of wealth, and making use of his golden influence to oppress the poor, who are, in every respect, his superiors.'

Yet there is one spectacle even more disgusting than this. It is that of a man who seeks to acquire political influence through the aid of his money alone, and disappointed in this, seeks to oppress those who are indebted to him, but who refused to sacrifice their opinions and principles to assist in his political elevation. —[Saco Democrat.]

On the 1st of October, the banks of New Orleans had in actual circulation \$4,849,623 and \$3,642,127 on hand in specie.

Maine.—We have given, repeatedly, the cause of our defeat in Maine. We still believe that forty two thousand votes compose the majority of the legal voters of the State. This number, and some hundreds over, were cast in favor of Edward Kent. —Gazette.

How, then, do you explain the fact, that the largest vote, in proportion to the population, was cast in Kennebec, where you had a majority of twenty eight hundred? Just give us an answer if you please. If there was illegal voting any where, facts prove that it must have been where the federalists held sway.

Eastern Argus.

Philobevergetiveness is the name of an aegan recently discovered by phrenologists. It was found fully developed, it is said, on the tip of a Boston editor's nose. It is of bluish red color.

In the year 1798, when an assessment was made with a view to the levying of direct taxes by the general government, the property west of the Alleghany mountains in states and territories of the American union, was valued at only twenty six millions; the same district is estimated at the present day to contain property of the value of twelve hundred millions.

The value of produce on the New York Erie Canals is about 70 millions of dollars per annum, or nearly to the amount that passes down the Mississippi.

The Wheeling Gazette states that the difference between the highest point attained by the water at the flood of 1802, and the lowest point to which it has been this season, is just forty four feet four and a quarter inches, as ascertained by actual measurement.

Jim Crow, the white negro, has made his last jump on the American stage. He is going to England, where his noble art receives more patronage than in the land of vulgar habits.

English papers state that Lord Chesterfield recently won £80,000—about \$400,000—in bets on a race course.

The Natchez Courier states that Judge Chilton has been appointed Attorney of the Mississippi Union Bank, with the nice salary of \$10,000. —Portland Transcript.

OUR AFFAIRS.

Our friends are reminded that a term of the Court of Common Pleas will commence in this town on Tuesday the 13th of November next, which will furnish a convenient opportunity for those indebted to us to forward the pay by their friends and neighbors attending Court. We sincerely hope that we shall not be troubled with any business on that day. We are bound to pay at this time for fuel, bills for our doct. and others, and we are not at all anxious to be troubled with any business on that day. Unless those indebted to us pay up arrears voluntarily and within a few weeks, we shall, in justice to our creditors, be obliged to have recourse to other means to obtain our just due. "A word to the wise," &c.

Watches, Jewellery, Spectacles, &c.

THE subscriber expresses his gratitude to his friends and the public for their patronage and other favors conferred on him heretofore, and gives notice that he has lately purchased a good assortment of materials for

Watch Repairing.

He has a good variety of SPECTACLES, a few good WATCHES, Watch Furniture, Silver and Plated TEA SPOONS, EVER POINTED PENCIL CASES, THIMBLES, &c. He invites his customers to call and examine for themselves.

CASH paid for old SILVER and GOLD.

PARIS HILL, Nov. 6, 1838.

ASHES.

WANTED in exchange for Goods, Also, Flannel Cloth, Yarn, Aides, and Footings, for which the highest price will be paid.

PARIS HILL, Nov. 6, 1838.

NOTICE!!

All persons are cautioned against purchasing a Note signed by the subscribers, bearing the name of A. D. R. or the first day of July 1837, and the first day of May 1838. Said Note having been obtained without any consideration, I am determined never to pay the same.

OXFORD Oct. 30th. 1838.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

ALONZO SYLVESTER.

late of Livermore, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs, and therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

JOSIAH SKILLIN, Administrator.

Livermore, Sept. 10, 1838.

Buffalo Robes.

FUR Seal, Nutre, and Seal CAPS, and Fur and Nutre COLLARS, just received and for sale at the

Oxford Bookstore, by W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, Nov. 5, 1838.

CASH WANTED!!

ALL demands due the subscriber must be paid by the first day of January next, or cost will be made—No Mistake!!

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, Nov. 5, 1838.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

By virtue of License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall on the 1st day of December next, at 10 o'clock, P. M. sell much of the real estate of Jacob Ludden, late of Canton, as will produce the sum of five hundred and twelve dollars, for the purpose of paying the just debts of the deceased, and the balance of the said real estate of the deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

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